THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper.

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The Secret.

MEN wonder why in August heat
The little brook with music sweet
Could glide along the dusty way,
When all else parched and silent lay.

Few stopped to think how, every morn,
The sparkling stream anew was born
In some moss-circled, mountain pool,
Forever sweet and clear and cool.

A life that ever, calm and glad,
One melody and message had,
"How keeps it so," men asked, "when I
Must change with every changing sky?"

Ah! if men knew the secret power
That gladdens every day and hour,
Would they not change to song life's care,
By drinking at the fount of prayer?

—*JAMES BUCKHAM.*

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We cannot look, however imperfectly upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living life-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened, the darkness of the world; and this is not as a kindling lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of heaven; a flowing light fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.—Carlyle.

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, October 9, 1902

Prayer.

"If one draw near
Unto God—with praise and prayer—
Half a cubit, God will go
Twenty leagues to meet him so."

The General Association of Congregational Churches of California is in session at Petaluma as we go to press. The official program closes with a reminder of the vote at the previous meeting urging special public prayer in its behalf on the Sabbath preceding each yearly convocation. It was a timely request. Believing, as we do, in prayer as a motive with God, and specifically in his recognition of intercessory prayer as such a power, nothing more vitally important by way of preparation could have been suggested. The effect will be visible, we are confident, in a sweeter fellowship with Christ and in wisdom vouchsafed for action. The Southern Association, we are glad to note, has sent out the suggestion that both ministers and laymen devote a brief period of time, at noon each day, to prayer and meditation for the blessing of God upon their meeting next week at Ventura. It is to be hoped that the Associations in Oregon and Washington have suggested similar preparation.

Prayer not less earnest and believing—perhaps something more than prayer—is urgently needed in another case. Several years ago the Supervisors of San Francisco county, in view of the destructive influences centering in the Ingleside racetrack, passed an ordinance closing it, and prohibiting public races within the county limits. It was a step approved not only by distinctively religious people, but by the great majority of those who have the interests of the State, and especially the morals of the young, at heart. But now the same gambling and vicious element which had looked thither for pleasure, still more for pecuniary gain, have appealed to the present Board of Supervisors for reinstatement. And they, by vote of two to one, have granted the legalization asked for. They have done this despite the protests of those representing all the better elements of society, despite, too, the damaging admissions of their champions. The ordinance now goes before the Mayor for his action. Will he veto it, or will he yield to the pressure of the gambling fraternity and fasten the outrage upon a long-suffering people? His action primarily concerns the city and county of San Francisco; but ultimately it reaches out over the entire State, and "the regions beyond" For this reason we mention it here; and for this reason we invoke the prayers of those who have the ear of God, that he will grant to Mayor Schmitz wisdom and courage to meet this emergency in the spirit of genuine righteousness and benevolence. May God endue him plentifully with his grace!

The Address of Police Commissioner Hutton.

The recent parade of the Police Department of San Francisco was a cheering sight. The men, nearly one thousand in number, were a body to inspire one with confidence. Stalwart, intelligent, of manly port, and disciplined, they looked like men to be relied upon. We doubt if any city in the land could show a better array of blue-coated guardians.

The banquet which followed was even more notable by reason of the speeches. At the table were all the higher officers of the department, police commissioners, and visiting chiefs. Among others, Police Commissioner Hutton spoke, in response to a toast. His theme was, "The Work of the Police Commission," in securing deliverance from the various forms of vice which are continually fastening themselves upon the community. It was encouraging, in a general way, as indicating their appreciation of the trust committed to them, and their honest endeavor to fulfill it. It was cheering; it ought to be inspiring, also, in its manner of dealing with specific evils. He spoke, not merely as an individual, still less as a representative of the churches, but in his official capacity as head of the police department, addressing its officers. And in this capacity he did not hesitate to condemn the attempt to reopen the Ingleside racetrack, and to fasten upon this whole region that multiform curse. His protest was so manly in sentiment, so authoritative in delivery, and constituted such an unanswerable arraignment of the whole business, from the side of practical politics, that it deserves to be quoted in full and to be pondered by every citizen, not to say every Christian. Every sentence weighs a ton.

"Gambling," said he, "is destructive of public morals

and injurious to the general interests of the community. This city is now practically free of gambling, and we want to keep it so. In this connection I am opposed to the reopening of Ingleside race track. It means unrestricted gambling. Beyond that, if Ingleside is reopened the city will be deluged by an influx of robbers and thieves and other criminals. This undesirable element follows horse racing wherever it goes, and we do not want to admit such an element to San Francisco by the reopening of Ingleside. I trust that we may yet find some way of preventing the reopening of the track."

Here are two distinct charges by one who ought to know. (1) The racetrack opens the door to unrestricted gambling, in which claim, it may be noted, Mr. Hutton is supported by the admission of Thomas H. Williams, the champion of Ingleside, and the allied abominations. "It is silly," said he, when appearing before the Supervisors "to talk about allowing horse-racing, and to prohibit betting, as the interest is based on the wagers that are made." (2) The racetrack, also, according to the Police Commissioner, "opens the flood-gate to an influx of robbers and thieves and other criminals, such as follow horse-racing wherever it goes." Per contra: "It is to the interests of the State to have horse-racing in this city." So says Mr. Williams. We prefer the testimony of the commissioner.

In view of these things, what will the good citizens of San Francisco do about it? What will other residents of the State, pre-eminently its Christian men and women, do about it?

The Religious World

The Methodist Twentieth Century Thank Offering has arisen to $17,500,000. They started out to secure $20,000,000, and they will get it, of course.

The Rev. Dr. Driver a Methodist minister of Red Wing, Minn., is spoken of for the pastorate of the People's church of Chicago. The indications now are that there will be no union of this church and the Central.

The Rev. Frank Crane, who goes from the People's church of Chicago to the pastorate of the Union Congregational church of Worcester, Mass., received as his first annual salary, when he began to preach, the sum of $75. He will receive about $9,000 at Worcester. Dr. Crane began the work of life as a school teacher, teaching for three years.

It is said that there are about twenty-one thousand schools in foreign missionary lands in which Christian education is being given to more than one million people. All things indicate that the twentieth century will be more fruitful as a missionary century than the nineteenth was. Many new workers have been commissioned this year by the great missionary societies.

The St. James Methodist Episcopal church of Montreal has had the distinction of having the largest indebtedness of any Methodist church in Christendom—$600,000. At the recent annual conference at Winnipeg such steps were taken toward meeting the indebtedness as give considerable assurance that this historic church will be saved from being turned into a theatre or from falling to the Roman Catholics.

The Oregon Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, in session in Portland last week, adopted resolutions expressing appreciation of the action of the United Brethren church in inaugurating a movement for organic union. It expressed regret that action had been taken by certain presbyteries in the East looking toward union with the parent denomination. Such action was regarded as premature. Elsewhere in our columns we give at some length a number of opinions on the action of these Eastern presbyteries.

Writing concerning Bishop Potter and the Episcopal church in the city of New York, the Sun says that no other church except the Roman Catholic has increased during the last twenty years so greatly in numbers, strength and aggressiveness. To considerable extent this is attributed to Bishop Potter, who is said to be "the most indefatigable Bishop" in the Episcopal church. It is claimed that in all New York there are few men in responsible places in any sphere whose lives are as full of laborious occupations as is his.

Here is a thought for ministers by a minister: "We had powerful preachers when there were fewer books. One of our modern idolatries is the worship of the book, every book but *the* Book. Men stand stiff, stupid, soggy with the undigested husks of many guesses. There are more men in the ministry, but fewer preachers. It is the preacher the people want. The seminaries need to train men to be preachers of authoritative truth. Every Bible sermon from the time of Moses to Stephen and Paul is absolute and uncompromising in its assertions and certainties."

Protap Chandra Mozoomdar will spend the remainder of his life in the seclusion of the Himalaya mountains. He says that his thirst for the higher life has become so unquenchable that he needs time and grace to re-examine and purify and reform every part of his existence. He says further that the spirit of God promises him that grace if he is alone. Now, if Mozoomdar would only allow the Spirit of God to direct and influence him he would come forth from that seclusion after a while a flaming messenger in India for Christ. It is difficult to believe that in these days of action the divine spirit would lead any one to be for any long period of time an anchorite.

General Booth of the Salvation Army and the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan were companions on a trip across the Atlantic last week. In chronicling this fact the British Weekly says: "Few people are aware that Mr. Morgan was at one time much tempted to enter the Salvation Army. He had the opportunity of watching its work at Hull, and admired the devotion of its officers. He went to see Mrs. Booth, and discussed the question of his entrance. That sane and far-seeing woman remarked at the close of the conversation, 'Tell me frankly, do you feel that you cannot work for God anywhere except in the army?' Mr. Morgan could not honestly say that such was his position. 'Well, then,' said Mrs. Booth, 'you had better not come into the army. I have no desire to bring into the army all the men who stand in this country for evangelistic work.' To the end of her life Mrs. Booth regarded the army as accessory to the work of the church."

The Christian Endeavor World of September 25th contained an excellent editorial on "The Need of Religious Journalism," in the closing lines of which were these words: "We call upon all the readers of this paper to use their influence toward the prosperity of the religious press." That is a most excellent call. It is as the writer of this article says, "The very causes that have rendered the case of the religious journal a hard

one have made the religious journal a greater necessity than ever before." That home is to be pitied into which there goes no religious paper. At their best the daily papers can give only a small amount of religious news, and the great questions of Christianity are undiscussed in their columns; or, if discussed at all, it is in such a manner as shows only a superficial acquaintance with them. We know of men of prominence in the business world who take several religious papers and read them carefully. They believe that in this way, and in this way only, are they—so far as the papers are concerned—furnished with sane views of life and with reminders for eternity. For all who are inclined to regard as sufficient those papers which have in recent years been transferred from the religious to the secular field, here are some pertinent words: "We admire these periodicals. We rejoice in Christian discussions of the Philippines, of Tolstoi, and of the tariff. But these are merely applications of religion, at the most; they are not fundamentals."

Many of our readers will remember the Rev. George L. McNutt, who was pastor of Pilgrim church, Oakland, for a short time, about twelve years ago. Several times during the last two or three years we have referred to the investigations made by him in recent years of the conditions among workingmen. Mr. McNutt became a day laborer; went among them and labored and suffered as many of them suffer. Lately he has made criticisms of the church which are resented in many quarters. Commenting on one of his most recent criticisms, the Herald and Presbyter says: "Mr. McNutt is a sensationalist, who, although a member of a Presbytery, is not interested in the regular work of the ministry. He has claimed to be investigating the conditions of workingmen. His methods have been as sensational as his reports and his costume as a lecturer. We know of churches which he has approached on Sabbath morning with working clothes on and with dinner pail in hand, appareled thus apparently for effect, and not because he was at work that day, and when invited to come in and worship we know of his going away without accepting the invitation. We shall not deny to him the privilege of spending his Sabbaths thus even when enrolled as a Presbyterian minister, 'without charge,' if he wishes to do so, but we do object to him or any other man going over the country aspersing Christian people and defaming the Protestant church by saying that the poor are not welcome to attend its services." There are churches and churches; not churches "good, bad and indifferent"; but churches good and indifferent, certainly. We have no doubt that there can be found, now and then, a church which is not as hospitable toward all classes as churches should be. But in nearly every church in our land there is a welcome for all. If a man is neat and clean, there is always a place for him, and a good place. There are people who make it extremely difficult for a church to be hospitable. We have known people to go to church, and as soon as the services closed shoot almost like a sky-rocket out of the door, giving even the most friendly no opportunity to show themselves friendly. And we have known workingmen, who possessed that which was better, to go to church in such attire as to give offense to everybody who came near them.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, which was held at Winnipeg recently, made overtures for organic union with the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Canada. A correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate writes: "The conference looks to even broader union than this, and declared itself 'in favor of a measure of organic unity wide enough to embrace all the evangelical denominations in Canada.' But inasmuch as the problem of unification of the three denominations above named appears to present much less difficulty, since their relations are already marked by so great a degree of spiritual unity, and they have already become closely assimilated in standards and ideals of church life, forms of worship, and ecclesiastical polity; and, since the conditions of the country demand the most careful economy of resources, both in men and money, in order to overtake the religious needs of the people pouring into the new settlements, the conference deemed the time ripe for a definite and practical movement towards union with the Presbyterian and Congregational churches. It therefore appointed a large and influential committee to negotiate with the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in order to formulate a basis of union. It commended the project to the prayerful interest and sympathy of the Methodist church in the devout and earnest hope that, if this organic union can be achieved it may be accompanied with great blessings to the church and the nation, and redound to the glory of God. This proposition is almost startling in its scope and far-reaching possibilities, but it was adopted by the conference with enthusiasm, only two or three delegates voting against it. This is the first time anything so comprehensive has ever been suggested in this, or possibly, any other country. The marked blessing of Almighty God upon the previous union of seven Presbyterian denominations into one and of five Methodist bodies into one, justify the hope that this new combination of forces will lead to greater economy and efficiency in carrying on God's work in this land." This move will be watched with interest in the United States, where at present the trend is toward federation only. But it has not been easy to get the Methodists interested to any great extent even in federation. This advanced step on the part of their brethren in Canada may act favorably on that denomination in this country and lead them to a more hearty co-operation.

Concerning Presbyterian Reunion.

There is a prevalent opinion that the action of two or three presbyteries in the Cumberland Presbyterian church asking their General Assembly to take steps toward union with the parent denomination is premature. The Cumberland Presbyterian regrets that the issue was joined in this formal way just at this time, and is of opinion that nothing would have been lost by dignified delay.

It says: "There are those in both the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian churches who do not regard the proposed revision as satisfactorily complete. Many conservative Presbyterians insist that it is not a revision at all, but, for the benefit of the ignorant and misinformed, a mere interpretation of what has been believed all along by all Presbyterians. Some of the more radical revisionists of that church are anxious for greater doctrinal eliminations, while all seem agreed that the Brief Statement, so pleasing to most Cumberland Presbyterians, must not be called the Presbyterian creed or regarded as a substitute for the Westminster Confession of Faith. The whole matter is therefore far from settled, and this appears a good reason for making haste slowly, if there were not the other questions which many Cumberland Presbyterians are raising about the supposed differences of the two churches in personnel, spirit and environment, which differences, if they exist,

may themselves constitute a barrier to early organic union."

The Interior states that it hopes for the ultimate reunion of all churches of the Presbyterian name and order in this country; that although the coalescence of all Protestantism may be too remote for useful anticipation, the day when there shall be but one Presbyterian body in the United States seems to be by no means a far-off possibility. It rejoices in and sympathizes with the spirit which prompted the Cumberland presbyteries to express a desire for reunion, but confesses that the action seems somewhat precipitate and continues: "We hesitate always to force the growth of even a good idea when we judge that conditions are spontaneously bringing it to fruition. The processes of nature are more certain to produce a hardy plant than the processes of the hothouse. The 'psychological moment,' if patiently waited for, may bring harmony and mutual understanding where haste might instead produce many wounds of feelings. Just now at all events the Presbyterian church is engaged with the duty of interpreting its doctrinal position more accurately to the apprehension of the present age, and the work still exacts our thoughtful attention. Shall we not in such circumstances be forgiven for saying bluntly that for the present we would much prefer to be let alone, untroubled by other issues? There ought to be no extraneous question introduced to confuse us in finally arranging the revision matter, as we expect it to be arranged, to the full satisfaction of those who alone are essentially interested, the members of the Presbyterian church. When that is done, our Cumberland Presbyterian friends will know better whither they are coming and how far they must needs travel. Thorough discussion of the situation may prove that the 'change of position' which they believe that they descry in the Presbyterian church is at least no more pronounced than like change in their own; we may in the end be able to divide the honor of growing wiser and sweeter with the advancing years. But for the weighing of such considerations this is no opportune time. When revision is off hands as a task and as a denominational interest, we may very possibly find that the next conspicuous service which Presbyterianism may do for the organic kingdom lies in the direction of erasing certain division lines which now set off the people of God into needless parts and portions."

The Philadelphia Presbyterian takes the position also that the action is premature, and says in that connection: "A body which for ninety years has protested agains the Westminster Confession and which not more than ten years ago formally stated that it did not accept that Confession cannot come into union with us without serious doctrinal modifications on one side or the other, and the question is, Which is to modify? Are they to become Calvinists, or are we to cease to be Calvinists? There is no middle ground. If the former, we shall give these brethren a hearty welcome and consider our church strengthened by so excellent a body of fellow-Christians. We would like to know, however, from our brethren themselves that this is their purpose. On the other hand, if it be deemed a discourtesy to suggest that these brethren withdraw their historic protest against Calvinism, and the change is to take place in us and not in them, the church should know it at once. If by adopting the proposed overtures, our church is to surrender her distinctive doctrinal position, the presbyteries cannot be apprised too soon."

Such words as these do not show the reunion movement to be very far along yet, and the doctrinal matters may stop it altogether and the Cumberland Presbyterians find more congenial relations with the United Brethren, who have asked their officials to take such steps as might bring together their own denomination, the Methodist Protestant, the Evangelical and the Cumberland churches. But nothing will be done until the revision question has been settled. Then, in our opinion, the smaller denominations ought to get in somewhere, or come together and form another strong religious body. The interests of Christ's kingdom demand it.

Wild Talk at the Bonners'.

W. N. BURR.

The Bonners seldom went to church. "We are not churchy people at our house," Mrs. Bonner remarked one day to the minister, who called, hoping to influence the family toward better ways of living by showing them a little attention. A smile of weak bravado came to her face as she spoke.

One Saturday night Mr. Bonner sat beside the half-cleared supper-table, reading aloud the "locals" in the village paper. Half-way down the column he came to the "church notice" for the following day: "At the Congregational church McKinley memorial services will be held, the sermon and music having been prepared with a view to the observance of the first anniversary of the death of President McKinley."

"I didn't know there was anything in the Bible about McKinley," he commented, with the suggestion of a sneer lurking in his tones. "I always thought it was the minister's business to talk Bible to the people on Sundays."

"Oh, well, the Bible is a worn-out book, Jim, don't you know," responded Mrs. Bonner. "It's a back number. The preachers have preached it all out. There's nothing left of it, so they have to take up anything they can find to preach about now."

The boarder sat by, but said nothing. He was not at all in sympathy with the Bonners in their flings at the church and church people.

The next morning the boarder went to church. The minister began his sermon in this way:

"Two matters claim special consideration today. This is the first anniversary of the death of President McKinley, and the call to observe the day with appropriate memorial services in the churches is one that ought to be heeded by every church in the land. It also happens that this is Bible Study Sunday, suggested by the American Institute of Sacred Literature. Both these subjects appeal to me strongly. I at first thought I must choose between them. I have decided to combine the two in one service. Nothing could be more fitting to join with our memorial thoughts of our good President than some special mention of the Book, which is the living spring that fed his noble life."

As the pastor went on, holding before the people the character and influence of the Christian President, and weaving in with all this a strong plea for the Book which fits into all men's needs, and which points out the way of all individual and national blessing, the boarder smiled *his* smile.

"A deal of the criticism of the church that we hear nowadays is as base and as baseless as last night's wild talk at the Bonners," he reflected, as the congregation arose to sing the closing hymn,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Corona, Calif., Sept. 20, 1902.

An Evening With a Chinese Mandarin.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER, M. D., D. D.

Visiting an entirely new region of the Kwangtung Province, I took occasion to call upon the District Magistrate and to pay my respects to him.

After the usual greetings we were seated at a center table, the Magistrate occupying the most humble place while I sat on his left (the seat of honor) and my catechist on the right. As the mandarin had already received my card, there was no need of a formal introduction, so I proceeded at once with the business that had called me there.

"Your honor, I have called here today to inform you that we have rented a shop in the southern suburbs of this city for the purpose of preaching Christianity, and I should be pleased if your honor would issue a proclamation warning the people not to interfere with our work," I said.

"Oh!" replied the Magistrate, "the people are very ignorant and rude in these parts, and they will not listen to your instruction. I am sure, if you knew the character of the common people you would not come here to propagate your honorable religion."

At this rejoinder, I could not help smiling, while I said: "Are you aware, my dear sir, that the propagation of Christianity comes within treaty regulation?"

To this he had nothing to say, but tried to evade the whole question by saying that the people were too low to listen to such truths.

I then handed him a subscription book for our Scientific College, wherein he read the Viceroy's preface and casually noted that a dozen or more Chinese officials had already contributed to our institution. At this he became quite conversational, and commenced to ask a great many questions.

"You are a citizen of the United States or the 'Beautiful Kingdom?' he said. 'Your country is a very noble and honorable one, and our relations with you have always been pleasant."

At this I nodded, thinking, however, of the constant irritation there between the Chinese of America and certain of our citizens.

"How long will it take to reach your country from China?" he asked.

"One month; or three weeks if the steamers are on trial speed," I replied.

He seemed to marvel a little, and then he informed me that he had read of Washington, our first President, whom he likened to his own great ancestral Emperors, Iu and Shun, two of the most famous Emperors of China. But when I told him that Washington, after being the Commander of our armies and after filling the office of President for eight years, went to his own farm and spent the remainder of his life as a tiller of the soil, he was even more astonished, for a Chinaman never thinks he can do manual labor again after occupying an official position. He was quite nonplussed when I told him that our present President cut down trees and chopped wood.

"This," I said, by way of explanation, "they do, not because they are poor, but because they believe that muscular exercise is good for the body and mind."

Whether my auditor took in the force of this statement, I do not know; but he would probably have comprehended my meaning better if I had told him they more or less frequently indulged in the opium pipe. Continuing my remarks, for I thought it a good opportunity to enlighten his mind a little in regard to our customs and contrast them with China's antiquated ones: "Our officials mingle with the people, and when they go abroad they do not go in closed chairs, as the Chinese do. Our students and *literati*, when war occurs, are among the first to join the army and fight the nation's enemy." At this statement his eyes opened still wider to think that a Chinese literary man would ever put on a soldier's knapsack or carry a gun. "This is because our people love their country, and are willing to die for it. It is the love they bear their country which compels them to sacrifice their lives."

"This is not so in China," he said. "The people care little for their country, and the gentry are never willing to take up arms in behalf of the Government. China's officials are not loved by the people, and we must always treat common people with great severity in order to be able to govern them. Your people are better than ours, and hence the rulers have an easy task to govern them, but we must use the strongest measures to suppress our people."

"There is one way to reform China," I said.

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Teach the people the principles of Christianity, open chapels in every city and market."

At this he winced a little, but made no reply.

Continuing, I said: "You mean to rule the people by force and subjugate their bodies, but you do not reform men's hearts. Christianity not only changes a man's reasoning, but also his heart, and when you have conquered that you have conquered the man."

This was not a strange philosophy to him, for Confucius had already said much the same about correcting the heart. But the Chinese are very slow to apply the principle, and not one of their leading men would ever think Christianity had such power.

"You seek," said I, "to reform men by the rod, while I use nothing but the truths of Christiantiy, which have power to convert the soul."

"Yes," he remarked, "you teach the people to do right, and so do I."

At which I mentally sighed, for when a Chinese official is fairly caught in an argument he simply says, "It is very much as we also do," or "Every nation has its own laws and customs." How often have I felt chagrined at the obtuseness of the Chinese mind when trying to make it see the universality of a certain truth, when some one would reply: "Oh, this may be very well for you, but not for us. We live in China, and you are of the West."

At this point the magistrate asked me whether we had the same heaven, sun, moon and stars in America as they had in China.

"Yes," I said, glancing at the same time across to where one of our members stood, his face wrinkled with laughter. Secretly I could not avoid smiling; but, then, it was not the first time that the question had been asked. A litle bit of travel would be an excellent thing for most of the Chinese officials. It would impart to them more real knowledge than any Confusian Hall.

"Are you aware what is the shape of the earth?' I asked.

"We always regarded the earth as level," replied he. "But your books teach that the shape of the world is round. Can you give any reasons for this?"

Whereupon I mentioned several proofs of the rotundity of the earth. Continuing, I asked him what Chinese philosophy had to say in reference to the creation of the earth. He replied, as the most superstitious of the people might have done,

"Pun Ku Wong, the first emperor, is supposed to have chiseled the earth out of chaos."

"Impossible,' I said. "The world was made by the God we preach. It is to change these false beliefs that we are desirous of opening a chapel in your city. Pun Ku was only a mythological deity, who is said to have labored 18,000 years in the construction of the earth, for which he afterward died."

"Has the plague or cholera reached your honor's district?" I then asked.

"No," replied he. "There is an ancestor of high repute here called the Sixth Ancestor who has protected the people against all pestilence, and the plague in particular."

I looked up at my helper, whose face was wreathed in smiles while secretly I thought what the Honkong Sanitary Board would say to this new remedy for the plague. If true, how foolish we have been. Why spend thousands on doctors, cleaning houses, flushing drains, etc.? Why not get this wonderful ancestor to come down to Hongkong? But I could not let this statement go unchallenged, so very un-Chinese like, I told him he was mistaken, and that the plague would come to his domain in time, as nothing could stop it but cleanliness, and that was a thing not to be attained in China. What impression this statement made I do not know, but I could not let his honor trust to a lie. Sooner or later his confidence will be upset, for the plague slowly finds its way into all the villages of the interior.

He turned to me, and asked why Japan had become so powerful in recent years.

For a moment I pondered this question, and then said: "The Japanese are willing to learn from any one. Their young men go abroad to study, and return to Japan to aid their country; and when they go to war it is for the love they bear their country. Every one of them is a patriot. In China this is not so. Each one thinks of his own preservation first and that of his country next. Hence, when a battle is fought, the Japanese fight with all their might and the Chinese only think of their own safety.'

From this theme he turned to the question of what will make China strong.

"In the first place," said I, "you must stop worshiping false idols."

"True," said he, "idols are false, and are only the work of men's hands."

"Then why, dear sir, do you on the first and fifteenth of every Chinese month go to the temple of the gods of the city and worship there?" I asked.

"Oh, that is the custom of the Chinese officials," he replied.

"But we ought to change false customs, and that is what we preach everywhere. In the second place, the Chinese ought to give up the opium pipe."

"You are right," said he, "but the opium came from your country."

"No, it did not. It came from India, whence also your Buddhist idols came. Both are a curse to China, and your people can never prosper as a nation until these evils are given up," added I, as seriously as possible, while in the adjoining room one could hear several Chinese indulging in the wreathing fumes of the narcotic.

"But is there nothing else that will make China strong?" he queried.

"Yes; change your school curriculum. Teach the natural sciences, and establish colleges for the acquisition of Western learning."

To this he nodded, but quickly responded: "The ancient Chinese also taught science, and were acquainted with scientific truths."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, my dear sir," replied I; "we of the West had no railroads, no steamboats, no telegraphs, and no telephones one hundred years ago."

"Is that posible?" he asked.

"Yes, it is a fact; and your honor must never think that Confucius knew as much as we do."

This seemed to be a new revelation to him. He thought a little over it, and then intimated that he had read some of the writings of the Rev. Dr. Timothy Richard.

"Again," continued I, "if you want your nation strong the people must be taught the principles of honesty. Dishonesty in public life will never make a great nation. Western schools and western learning will do much to give you a worthy name among the nations, but, after all, honesty is somewhat a lost jewel in China. If China had accepted Western thought, Western ideas and Western religion fifty years ago, there would have been no need of losing so much territory to other Powers. If the Queen of England could say that England's greatness was due to the belief of the English people in the Bible, then China's weakness is due to the want of that book; and she never will be strong until the principles of the Bible are adopted."

My host seemed not to tire of the home thrusts he occasionally received. But, being weary, I touched my cup of tea, which was the signal for taking leave. I have never spent two hours in this way before, but I trust that the mandarin and the great number of Yamen underlings who listened to our conversation received some new ideas. I could not have wished for a better audience to preach Christianity to than that which I had in a Chinese court-room.

Early Missionary Days.

At the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Rev. Edgar P. Hill, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland, Oregon, gave an address on the subject of "Home Missions on the Pacific Coast." His address had to do almost wholly of course with the home mission work on the part of the Presbyterians. But all persons caring to be informed as to early church history on this coast would read it with interest. In considering California he said in part:

"California is the big State geographically, and almost every other way. Victor Hugo reminds us that the land of Job bred monsters. There the cat became a tiger, the lizard a crocodile, the pig a rhinoceros, the snake a boa constrictor, the nettle a cactus and the wind a simoon. But Hugo had never seen California. Think of going out with a hook and line and catching a bass weighing 300 pounds. Think of standing at the foot of a granite cliff and looking straight up to its top, 3,000 feet above you. Think of driving through a grove of trees that rear their heads 300 feet in the sky, and that were growing when Jesus stood on the shore of Galilee. It has been aptly remarked that California has its eye chronically focused for large dimensions, and that its first conscious throb was in a paroxysm of wild speculation.

"No sooner did the news reach the East that gold had been discovered at Sutters Mill on the Sacramento than multitudes began to turn their faces towards the West. Lawyers closed their offices, farmers left the plow, merchants disposed of their goods and took ship for the long voyage. But along with eager argonauts, lustful for gold, went men of equal daring, but of more consecrated spirit, whose ambition was the saving of souls. The three W's, as they are affectionately called, had

largely to do with the beginnings of our work in California. Gold was discovered in February, 1848. In December of that same year Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge was on his way to the Golden Gate, and in April, 1849, at Benicia, organized the first Protestant church in California. Rev. Albert Williams followed the first "W" in two months, and in the following May organized the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco with six members. The third 'W,' Rev. James Woods, left New York in May, 1849, and reached his destination after a voyage of three months. That the experiences of Mr. Woods on the ocean were not altogether to his taste we may infer from the ingenuous remark with which he begins his delightful book of reminiscences. 'The sweetest music I ever heard of earthly note or ever expect to hear until the melody of golden harps, shall break upon the enraptured spirit, was the rattling of the iron cable singing the march of the anchor to the bottom of the sea, to grapple with the rocks and hold us to safe mooring into the harbor of San Francisco.' To Mr. Woods belongs the honor of building the first Presbyterian church in the State at Stckton in 1850.

"One is bewildered as he confronts the wealth of material which early Presbyterianism in California affords. Our home missionaries were as untiring as the gold-seekers. They sought out the most remote camps with the eagerness of prospectors. They seized strategic points with the foresight and skill of statesmen. The scholarly Dr. Scott, fresh from a church of commanding influence in New Orleans, brought to the work his splendid gifts of organization and administration. He was a leading spirit in laying the foundation of our Theological Seminary, now located at San Anselmo. We may get some idea of the stuff of which those men were made by recalling the reply of young Brier, who, when asked by the Board Secretary, where he wanted to go, replied, 'Give me the hardest field you have,' and he was sent to California.

"The experiences of the missionaries were often exciting, if not always altogether pleasant. One preacher, on being shown to his room at the hotel, noticed a hole in one of the window panes at the head of the bed. 'How did that get there?' asked the preacher. 'Oh,' replied the landlord languidly, 'a man was shot in that bed yesterday.' It was a common thing to hear the remark, 'We are having a very quiet time. No one has been killed for a week. It is time we had a free fight and some funerals.' It took men of grace and grit to move calmly through such scenes, and, looking into the faces of men who thought no more of shooting down a man than a dog, to tell them that they were on the swift road to hell. The Synodical Missionary for so many years (Thomas Fraser) swept his eye over his vast field, which as some one has put it, extended from San Diego to the North Pole, and directed his troops, like a trained general. Going down into the chaparral and sage brush and gravel of Southern California, he found a little settlement largely composed of Spaniards, where some Presbyterian work had been begun and abandoned. Writing back to the Board he said, 'There are places which the Presbyterian church must take and hold, regardless of expense, as England holds Gibraltar.' Back came the word, indicating a commingling of skepticism in the field, with confidence in the man, 'If you begin that work it must be on your own faith, not on ours.' The work was reorganized. In a few years new people began to pour in. A $50,000 church was built. Colonies were sent out to form other organizations. Today there are upon the floor of this Assembly, representatives from that settlement in the chaparral bushes which Dr. Fraser visited in 1874. They are here representing 3,500 Presbyterian church members, to invite this General Assembly to meet next year in their beautiful city of Los Angeles, to partake of such hospitality as only Californians know how to give. And what shall I say more? The time would fail me to tell of the abundant labors of Willey and Douglas and Bell and Burrowes and Harmon and Wadsworth and Alexander, who organized churches, planted schools, endured hardships. All these have 'obtained a good report' and most of them have entered into their reward."

Haywards Congregational Church.

The Eden Congregational church of Haywards was organized thirty-seven years ago. It is the mother of four churches, three of which are stronger today than the parent church. And while the departure from the parental roof of these vigorous youngsters left the church considerably reduced in numbers and strength, it cannot but rejoice in their success, and thank God that it has given such healthy children to the church world.

Haywards church is in a more hopeful condition today than for many years past. It has been a hard struggle on the part of a faithful few, but they feel they are now being rewarded by the better prospect before the church.

Among the honored names associated with the history of the church are those of the late Dr. J. T. Cooper, a scientist of repute, who died a few months ago; the late Dr. Kimball, whose daughter and sister are

Haywards Congregational Church.

now members, the latter being the treasurer; and the late William Meek, whose family is still identified with the active interests of church and Sunday-school. Deacons Warren and Booth, Miss Stewart, Sunday-school Superintendent, Mrs. L. Linekin, and Mr. C. W. Loomis ably assisted by willing workers in church, Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor, still hold the fort, and are being re-enforced, to the loss of the Third church in San Francisco, by two of Mr. Rader's best families, who are taking up their residence in Haywards—Capt. Madison and his son, Mr. Martin Madison, and their families. A brother of Rev. F. V. Jones of Portland, Ore., late of the Park church, San Francisco, is also connected with the church.

Recently, the interior of the church building has been re-decorated and improved; new carpets have been laid, new stained glass windows, and new and comfortable oak pews put in position at a cost of a thousand dollars, most of which has been already paid.

Besides the regular features of church work, a Boys' Club gives promise of good, not only to its members, but also to the boys of the town.

The coming of Rev. B. Dent Naylor, after four years of successful work at Grass Valley, who has just accepted the pastorate, has put new life and spirit into the church, and it is buckling on the armor anew for greater victories in the name of the Master.

Thomas Cowden Laughlin.

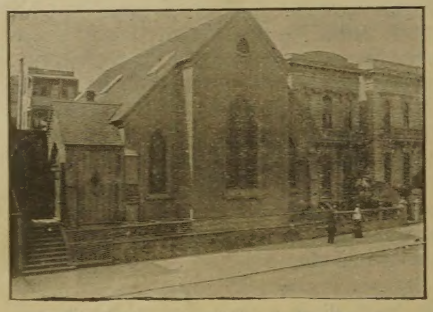
Prof. Thomas Cowden Laughlin, Ph.D., has arrived from the East and has entered on his work as incumbent of the chair of New Testament Language and Literature in Pacific Theological Seminary. Dr. Laughlin graduated from Princeton University in 1892, and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1897. Previous to his entrance on the study of theology he taught mathematics for one year in Parson's College in Iowa and

Greek for one year at Kenyon College in Ohio. After his graduation at Princeton in 1897 he took a fourth year in theology at Harvard principally under the noted and lamented Dr. Thayer. Two years were then spent in study in Germany at Gottingen and Berlin. On his return to this country he was appointed instructor in Biblical Literature in Princeton University, from which position he was called to our Seminary. Prof. Laughlin comes with high commendation from men of eminent scholarship in the East, and Pacific Theological Seminary is to be congratulated in that it can appeal to its constituency with a professor so well qualified for the work to which he has been called.

Most of the ready-made clothing for women is furnished by masculine workers. Miss Mary Williamson of New York some time ago decided to enter this field. In five years this clever woman, of Southern birth, manner and sympathies, has made for herself an enviable name and reputation. She is exquisitely feminine in appearance, something of a philanthropist in a quiet way, and much interested in the fact that numerous colored women who she has trained as workers do far better for themselves and for her than the white women similarly employed.—The Pilgrim for October.

The Fourth Church of San Francisco.

Extensive repairs having been made on the Fourth Congregational church building of this city, it was reopened last Sunday with special services, which drew a large attendance in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening. In the morning there was a Sunday-school rally with recitations and songs by the children and by the Chinese Girls' Quartet. The Oliphant Sisters of Chicago, who are on a tour around the world, sang and spoke in the afternoon; at which time the Junior and Intermediate C. E. Societies had services appropriate for the occasion. There was a special meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society at 6:30 p. m., at which Mr. J. S. Allen of the Golden Gate Union gave an address.



Fourth Congregational Church, San Francisco.

In the evening there were addresses by Prof. C. S. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary and Rev. William Rader of the Third church. The Presidio Male Quartet sang at the evening service. It was a joyous day for pastor and people. The Rev. Clarence M. Stevens, who is in charge of the Fourth church, has done a most excellent work in that field, and we rejoice with him and his people over what has been accomplished and over the encouraging outlook.

Notes and Personals.

The Children's Day in our Sunday-schools for foreign missions is the 26th day of October. The excellent concert exercise for the occasion is on "India for Christ." A supply can be had of Mr. Frear at headquarters on application.

Next Monday, at 3 p. m., Professor Starbuck of Stanford University will begin the course of lectures on the "Psychology of Religion," to be given for Pacific Theological Seminary. The lectures will be given in the chapel of the First Congregational church of Berkeley.

Letters were received last week from our missionaries in Micronesia. Mr. Stimson of Ruk writes of the good influence of one of the girls from Miss Baldwin's school who had been married to the pastor on Unam. On a recent visit there Mr. Stimson received sixty-six to membership by baptism and nine others, and baptized thirty children. The congregation numbered about four hundred. Fourteen were added to the church on Sopora, thirteen at Kuku, and a church was formed on Mueh of fifteen members. The Ruk station greatly needs a physician and other helpers. The schooner "Hiram Bingham" had been driven on the flats, on Butaritari, in a gale, parting her cable and losing her anchor. She suffered slight damage. Captain Walkup hopes to get her off in a few days. The missionaries on Kusaie and Ponape were all well. They were looking for the arrival of the "Carrie and Annie."

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6:12-20.

Lesson 3. October 19, '02.

How prominently Jehovah kept himself before the children of Israel at the stage of their history which we are studying. Just as when Moses, their first leader, was about to assume his official station, the divine power seemed to be particularly apparent that the nation might keep its vision on God, and the wonders of Egypt, the miraculous deliverance, and the manifestations of divine presence were abundant, so in this new era of their history the signs became numerous to show that their achievements were not by their might or power, but by God's Spirit. The country, on the other side of Jordan, was of a "rolling" nature, and after the river had been crossed, a place of encampment was selected to which the name Gilgal was given. Here were set up the twelve stones taken from the waterless bed of Jordan, and, from the importance attached to the place in the books of Joshua and Judges, Ewald, the great German scholar, supposed that a town sprang up which was a rival to the almost impregnable Jericho. It was the night of the tenth day of the month Nisan, the first month of the Jewish year. It was a never-to-be-forgotten night in Israel. Just forty years before their fathers were in Egypt preparing to keep the destroying angel from entering their homes by sprinkling blood upon the lintels and doorposts. Just forty years before the great cry arose throughout Egypt as the first-born in the households were stricken. Just forty years before their fathers were thrust out of the country of their enslavement. It was the first night of unleavened bread, and but three days intervened before the feast of the Passover. Very fitting, therefore, that this new generation should be brought into close relations with their God. Therefore, the renewal of the covenant made with their fathers was commanded. By this means the "Reproach of Egypt," that is, the reproach which Egypt cast upon Israel, that "for mischief did the Lord bring them out to slay them in the mountains and to consume them from the face of the earth," was removed, or "rolled away," and this may have given the name to the place. Three days later the feast of the Passover was celebrated—"a second solemn acknowledgment and confirmation of the covenant, whose glorious issues they were now beginning to enjoy." With what genuine satisfaction do we receive the fulfillment of any promise of God, particularly if we have long expected it. The doubts we had in the waiting all disappear. The clearness with which we see all of the divine leading causes us to chide ourselves for all the impatience we harbored. The working of those events which we almost rebelled against indicate an educational process which now is seen to be essential before the fulfillment could have occurred. There is a "fullness of time" for the fulfillment of a promise in the individual history, just as there was in the promise to the world of a Savior. The Israelites must have eaten that passover in a very different mental condition from what their fathers possessed forty years before. Then it was all groaning and crying for deliverance; now it was all joy and looking forward to great things which would lead to establishment in their own land, in their own homes.

The third event of importance was the appearance of the man with the drawn sword standing over against Joshua. It is significant that he announced himself as "Captain of the Lord's host"; whereas to Moses this same person stated that he was the "God of thy father, of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob." Thus God reveals himself according to each one's necessity. It is very instructive to survey the Biblical record and note this fact, and compare it with alleged appearances of deities (many and various) in classic literature. It is equally instructive, because it shows how thoroughly God understands us, and takes the way of revealing himself, which will do us the most good. Joshua needed encouragement as a soldier, and to know that the Captain of the Lord's host was at hand served to increase confidence, stimulate courage and promote humility. The scene is full of strength because of the commingling of extreme courage with deep humility.

The fall of Jericho is an event that takes first rank in Christian thought, because it is attributed in sacred wit to an act of faith (Heb. xi: 30). If we can judge from Joshua's words (xxiv: 11), "Ye came unto Jericho, and the men of Jericho fought against you," there must have been a preliminary trial at arms in which the men of the city were worsted, and as a natural consequence the siege was begun, and carried forward with greatest strictness. "None went out and none went in."

The instructions given to the army must have been a test of faith. They must have seemed almost puerile to warriors, whose business and desire was to fight. Nevertheless, this very fact contains a chief lesson for us, emphasized by Paul a great many centuries later in his first epistle to the Corinthians (i: 18-28). It is the same today. Those things which seem strong and wise often produce the most dismal failures in spiritual fields, while those which seem weak are found to be possessed of immense vitality, and yield astonishing results. What could have been more open to ridicule than the silent march of the multitude with an occasional blast from the ram's horns possessed by the priests (not the commanders) leading the procession. As each day passed and the same tactics were pursued, there must have been a great wondering on the part of the besieged what all that was about anyhow. Yet there is room to believe that it must have been fraught with considerable significance to these Canaanites, for they were a religious people, filled with the superstitious feelings of all idolaters, and they looked upon a religious act in that march, as was clearly shown in the presence of the robed priests, and the sacred ark of the covenant.

Of the miracle in the fall of the wall there is but little to say. The attempts to account for the phenomenon have not commended themselves to Christian consciousness. There may, probably was, some physical basis for the falling, but there being not the slightest hint in the narrative as to what this was, it serves but little purpose to imagine a cause which may be as far from the fact as the North Pole from the Equator. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews cut the knot at a single blow of his weapon. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down." The Israelites simply took Jehovah at his Word, obeyed his command, and left the rest to his wisdom and power. Now the question which the Christian world has to face is whether the field of faith is not being gradually abandoned, and more and more reliance is being placed upon human instrumentality for accomplishing God's work. Not that we should decry means of bringing about results. The great gain of the last fifty years for this world lies in the discovery of causes which not only produce results, but can be managed by human intelligence so as to increase these results. Electricity is a cause whose intelligent manipula-

tion is producing results quite as miraculous as the falling of Jericho's walls. If Marconio is reported correctly he will succeed in bridging the expanse of the Atlantic by sentences, before many months. But while thus recognizing the use of means and instrumentalities, the question remains, whether we are using the right means to produce the results we are all aiming at and are so desirous for. To put it in a single sentence, Are spiritual results to be obtained through material means? Is there not much more for us to learn in the line that like begs like, and that causes of similar kind must be employed to produce a certain class of results. To make clear the point, let us use a case in evidence. A few years since, one of our great denominations desired to liquidate a large debt which had been incurred in carrying on missionary labors. After mature deliberation it was determined to have a mighty gathering for this specific purpose. A large hall was hired, and the immense throng packed it to the doors. On the platform were the most distinguished men of the denomination, and the most influential men of the country among them two or three ex-Presidents of our land. There were the wealthiest and the most devout. Orators of national reputation addressed the intelligent audience, setting forth most elegantly the needs, and the crisis of the situation. The offerings came in; the result was a practical failure! About that same time four men of another branch of God's work might have been seen ascending to a little room in a building in that same city. What follows the writer had in substance from the lips of one of the four, now gone to the upper kingdom. A sum equal if not exceeding the amount of indebtedness above referred to was felt necessary to carry out some missionary labors. After maturely talking over the case, about nine o'clock these men dropped upon their knees to inquire of God what He thought about the matter, whether it was His will, and whether the means would be forthcoming. Sometime after midnight these four men arose fully assured in their minds that their course was in accord with the divine will, and that the means would be forthcoming. A night or two later, the same hall used in the attempt to liquidate the debt of the missionary society spoken of, was again crowded. There were no illustrious men, and wealthy magnates, no great orators. The meeting was purely of a religious nature. After a period of prayer, and talking over the affairs of the Kingdom, the present need of money to carry on missionary labors was spoken of, and offerings to the Lord's work requested. The entire amount was soon forthcoming from a gathering of whom one reporter said in his paper the next morning, one would not have supposed there was a tithe of the sum asked for within its possibilities. This is just what faces the children of God today. Are we, without intending so to do, limiting faith, and the power of God by employing certain methods of work, and certain means of obtaining results? The age is intensely materialistic; have the children of God naturally followed the trend of the age, and employed causes of a materialistic nature to produce results in the spiritual realm? Whistlers have lately been introduced into some of the churches, with *great results*! What kind? Conversions? Whistling might be termed an aesthetic art, if employed as a cause should it be expected to produce much more than an esthetic result? Would it not be as well for us to consider somewhat carefully what is behind the walls of our Jericho, who we are that are in front of them, and whether there is a divine way other than that which we are now employing, a way more simple, more potent, more Godlike, the way of Joshua, of the Apostles, of Jesus, the way of faith? At all events let it be well noted, that if the walls of Jerico fall, it will be by faith.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. Ben. F. Sargent.

Topic for October 19th.

Self-Mastery.—I Cor. 9: 25; Gal. 5: 16-26.

Temperance Meeting.

"He that ruleth his own spirit," cried Solomon, in the Proverbs, "is better than he that taketh a city."

And if able to rule one's spirit, then his flesh, and himself altogether.

But to do this one must go into training. Let us learn a lesson from

The Grecian Athletes.

For ten months previous to the great field day of the Olympic games the contestants must be put through severe training. As to diet, no stimulating drinks were allowed, and no luxuries. Every day, in all sorts of weather, he must exercise himself in preparation for the contest.

On the morning of the contest he must, with his hand on the head to the bleeding victim, swear to these things: That he had thus trained ten months; that he was of pure Hellenic descent; that there was no stain upon him either civil or religious; and that he would take no unfair advantage in the race. When the trumpet gave the signal every one's foot was on the line, and away they sped as arrows from the bow. The next half-hour determined how careful their training had been. The hopes of a life time hung in the balance. The crown of wild olive, lying on the marble table by the side of the judges, meant more to him than title to houses or lands. "'They did this to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

The Greatest Evil.

It is said that as a dervish of old was about to bid farewell to a young man who had long been his pupil, he wrote a list of evils much like the list before us now, commencing, however, with murder and ending with intemperance, and asked his pupil which one of all he would select as the least of all. The young man passed by murder with a shudder, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness with disgust, and finally chose intemperance as being the least of all. Imagine his surprise when his teacher said: "In choosing intemperance you have chosen that which includes all the others for it is the father of all." I think that you will agree with me that all but five of the number come directly from intemperance.

Since this evil confronts us I am sure we are

Called to be Warriors.

Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past—their triumph won:
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.
So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The light and truth and love of heaven.

From the Endeavorers "Daily Companion" by

Amos R. Wells, I want to submit three ways of fighting this evil.

Temperance in all Things.

There will be drunkards so long as there is the drunken spirit. Conquer that, and you have conquered the saloon.

Intemperance is any excessive use of anything—whether it be books, or dress, or play, or work, or ambition, or wine.

Any use of strong drink as a beverage is an intemperate use, just as any use of strychnine as a beverage would be intemperate.

If you are intemperate in anything, however good, you are training yourself to be intemperate in anything, however evil.

Walk By the Spirit.

If we walk by the Spirit, we shall fly by the Spirit. Religion in the common affairs will introduce religion into the uncommon.

Constant companionship with Jesus is the only safeguard against the subtle temptations of intemperance.

Walk *with* the Spirit and you will come to walk *by* the Spirit. Comradeship is power.

Intemperance, which is a yielding to one's lower nature, is only to be met by the exaltation of one's higher nature.

Crucify the Flesh.

If you note in yourself a tendency to miserliness, give away your money with freedom till it becomes easy to give.

If you tend toward gluttony, eat for a time even less than you need, that you may learn self-control.

If you recognize a danger of spending too much time and thought on play, devote yourself solely to work until you can trust yourself to play wisely.

There is nothing which tempts you to intemperance which is not better for you to abandon entirely until you can use it without falling into intemperance.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Washington Branch.

Some years ago the attention of the thinking and art-loving populace was directed to a remarkable cartoon on exhibition, called "The Era of the Reformation"—the work of Kaulbach, a German artist. It was made up of portrait sketches, in almost life size, of distinguished astronomers, discoverers, philosophers, statesmen, poets, authors, inventors, sculptors, painters, musicians and others endowed with special gifts, each in his particular group, the whole finding its focus in the figure of Martin Luther, towering above the company with the open, uplifted Bible.

This picture furnishes a model for the grouping of our missionary organizations; the honored American Board with its officers and corporate members occupying a central position; just below in the foreground, the Woman's Board (Boston); to the right, the Woman's Board of the Interior, to the left, the Woman's Board for the Pacific, each with its officers and sub-divisions of branches and auxiliaries. The lines here focus in no human figure, but in Jesus the Christ. As the use of the key brought into fuller appreciation Kaulbach's masterpiece, we secure one for our canvas.

The light slants to the left, and brings into relief the Pacific Board, with its dignified and worthy heads, on this its day of days; the older branches have received the attention of friends and the Church, and now it is the turn of the Washington Branch. Here it is—in the left-hand corner. A expression of contentment rests upon the countenances of its officers, as their efforts have been crowned with gratifying success. Below is the noble company that has wrought so faithfully. Turning to the key we find that this group is the Ahtanum auxiliary, numbering nearly a score of ladies. In their countenances we read increased interest in missions, since one from their midst went out a few months ago to join the Foochow Mission, China; there is besides something else to light up their faces, namely a consciousness of increased offerings, with a certain tenderness for the adopted India orphan for whom the birthday gifts of Sunday-school provides. The next group, equal in size to the former, is the Pleasant Prairie Society, which bears upon its brow the stamp of 'early and faithful.' Just to the left are the Colfax ladies, more numerous by half a dozen than their immediate neighbors. Fidelity and strength, with corresponding success, is imprinted on their countenances. Yet a little larger is the Walla Walla group, just below—the oldest and one of the strongest societies of the Branch. It is always abundant in good works, which are directed this year towards the support of the Micronesia navy.

Here to the right are the Spokane societies—the Westminster, forty-six strong, with its right hand, pours generous offerings into the foreign treasury, and with the left sows seeds of kindness and mercy by the way side. Its meetings are characterized by fine programs, with interesting and carefully prepared papers. The Plymouth (formerly the second) has a slightly smaller active membership, but a goodly associate membership makes the total number nearly three score. "Fine programs, growing interest, and increasing offerings" represents its status. The West Side, calm and dignified, speaks through her deeds, namely the accomplishment of her allotted task and the fostering care of an Endeavor Society, resulting in generous gifts to missions. The next group of twenty includes the Port Angeles Auxiliary, whose church and missionary work is prosecuted under one head. With its offerings it breaths a beautiful benediction upon its co-laborers in the field.

Yes this is surely Anacortes, not however comprised in the two ladies only, who for so many years have so bravely stood by their colors with little hope for gain in membership; there are five of them now, by actual count and their offering is tripled. How their faces beam for joy! Nestled close to them, though outside of their boundary, are the Olympia ladies, who also bespeak great happiness for their long-desired leader has come to them and their joy overflows in enlarged gifts. The lips of these two groups are parted to repeat, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Here is Kikland which was so greatly depressed last year in consequence of numerous removals from her midst. Today she is clothed in new strength and her eight members dispense enlarged offerings.

The Seattle societies are next in order: Plymouth, with her numerical strength; Taylor, ever true and faithful; Edgewater prompt in service and discharging her utmost duty and little Pilgrim, but thirteen months old, with her twenty-one members, making a record that is surpassed by but one society in the Branch.

What wonder that the group immediately surrounding her are placing a laurel wreath upon her brow.

This is a new group of Madrone ladies, who first introduced themselves through the treasury. Close to

them is Sylvan, which has hitherto merited so much commendation, and now she wears a beaming countenance, for she has outdone herself this year.

Orting has again found a place among the groups (thanks to Rev. O. L. Fowler), bringing a goodly offering.

East Tacoma, filled with the missionary spirit, comes next to view: her countenance bears the impress of duty performed, but also a consciousness of a margin for some other society, that could not quite reach the mark. Following closely is the society of the First church of Tacoma, which, though not numerically the largest, still leads in her offerings. A new glow lights up her countenance as Miss Luella Miner of Peking seige fame, with her soulful face, not only favors the band with her experience, but also with her frequent presence, since she now claims Tacoma for her home.

The light that emanates from this society penetrates the Endeavor Society and extends its rays to the Sunday-school which responds in birthday offerings, thus providing for two India scholarships.

The hundreds of Little and Advanced Light-Bearers quite fill in the foreground, and the faithful Superintendent, Mrs. Davie, whose smile everywhere wins childhood's heart, is radiant today, because her little charge has so well acquitted itself.

Shall we, however, rest content because our pledge is all fulfilled, and some fragments remain? The heathen world is hungry for the manna of life—How speaks the Christ?—"Give ye them to eat."

"If I have eaten my morsel alone,"
The Patriarch spake in scorn;
What would he think of the world were he shown,
Heathendom, huge, forlorn,
Godless, Christless, with souls unfed,
While the Church's ailment is fullness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone.
"I am debtor alike to the Jew and Greek."
The mighty apostle cried:
Traversing continent, souls to seek,
For love of the crucified.
Centuries, centuries since have sped,
Millions are perishing; we have bread,
But we eat our morsel alone.
Ever of them who have largest dower,
Shall Heaven require the more.
Ours is affluence, knowledge power,
Ocean from shore to shore.
And East and West have in our ears said,
"Give us, give us, your living bread,"
Yet we eat our morsel alone.
"Freely ye have received; so give,"
Bade He who hath given to all.
How shall the soul in us longer live
Deaf to their starving call
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,
And His body broken to give us bread,
If we eat our morsel alone?

Ellen M. Knight, Secretary.

Tacoma, August 29, 1902.

The Century Magazine is about to print a series of articles by Prof. Justin H. Smith of Dartmouth College, author of "The Troubadour at Home," covering the story of the Canadian campaigns of Montgomery and Arnold in the first year of the Revolutionary War—what the author calls "The Prologue of the American Revolution." Prof. Smith has undertaken to do his work, so far as possible, from original sources of information, and he has personally gone over the routes of Montgomery's troups from New York to Quebec, and Arnold's from Boston to the same point. He has given special attention to Arnold's expedition through the Maine woods. The first article, which will appear in the November Century, covers Montgomery's Montreal campaign. All of the papers will be richly illustrated.

Church News.

Northern California.

Redwood.—Two persons were received into membership Sunday on confession.

San Francisco, Richmond.—There were two additions to the membership last Sunday.

Alameda, First.—The Sunday-school has reached an attendance of 228, and there is need for larger quarters.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Two persons were added to the church Sunday on profession of faith.

Pacific Grove.—At an impressive communion service last Sunday five persons were received to membership by letter.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The vesper communion service last Sunday was largely attended, and ten persons were welcomed into fellowship, three on confession.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—On the first Sunday in September four were received into membership. The building has just received two coats of paint, giving it a very inviting appearance. The future outlook for the church seems bright.

Southern California.

Riverside.—Thirteen persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion. Deacon William Houlding passed into the heavenly life Wednesday of last week.

Pasadena, First.—Rev. J. A. Cruzan of San Francisco, occupied the pulpit last Sunday and will also preach next Sunday. A kindergarten class has been formed in the Primary Sunday-school for gathering in the little tots younger than those usually sought after.

Highland.—On occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, Pastor S. G. Lamb and wife were agreeably surprised by a large company of their friends who assembled in honor of the occasion. Many kind greetings were received and a substantial purse of silver dollars was presented to emphasize the kindly feeling of their people.

Los Angeles, First.—On the first Sunday in the month, the First church, Los Angeles, received twenty-one to membership. A very large number attend the twilight communions, which are such a feature in this church. The construction of the new house of worship progresses slowly. The cost of material and the difficulty of securing workmen, owing to the immense amount of building in the city, greatly retards the work. But when completed, it will be an unusually well-equipped building for its purpose. The junior pastor, Rev. William Horace Day, is conducting a class for Bible study at the Young Woman's Christian Association's new rooms on each Tuesday evening at 7:00. The class now numbers about forty. Mrs. Dr. Day, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, has felt obliged to resign the presidency of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California, which she has held for several years.

Redlands, First.—Sunday, October 5th, was observed as Rally Day. The pastor met with the Primary Department of the Sunday-school in the early morning hour, heard their exercises and spoke to them. He then came into the main school, giving them a rousing address, which followed their exercises. The offerings of both these departments today were for the Micronesian work of the American Board. In the morning preaching service, the rally thought was continued, with the

text from Joel ii:16—"Gather the people," etc. The Junior Endeavorers came together in the afternoon, after their summer vacation, for their year of wok. At 6:30 the Y. P. S. C. E. held an eanest roll-call, for which special invitation notes had been circulated to all members during the week. The evening preaching service brought a special privilege in an inspiring sermon from the Rev. Dr. H. C. Minton, just leaving this State for Trenton, New Jersey. He made "Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday and Today and Forever," a forceful, vital text to his hearers.

Southern Association.

At the General Association of Southern California a resolution was unanimously adopted requesting all churches to provide for the traveling expenses of delegates to and from the Association. It is expected that an equalizing of the ministers' expenses will be made, so that brethren remote from the place of meeting will be able to attend. It is quite certain that the fifty certificates will be secured, assuring a one and one-third rate for delegates if all get certificates. *F. J. Culver.*

Plymouth Avenue Council.

On the 24th of September the Plymouth Avenue church of Oakland adopted the following:

"Whereas, The Fourth Congregational church of this city, following, as claimed, the advice of an ecclesiastical council, recently located its place of worship within a short distance of Plymouth Avenue church, and thereby made it more difficult for the latter organization to maintain its record of self-support, which it has maintained for twenty-eight years; and,

"Whereas, Some of its members have proposed a union with others to establish a Presbyterian church instead, and to appropriate the property to that end;

"Resolved, That we ask our sister churches to meet in council and advise us as to the course which is most orderly, equitable, wise, and fraternal to pursue under the disadvantage of the present situation and prospect."

A committee was appointed to carry out the above, and the following named churches have been invited to meet in Plymouth Avenue church on Thursday, October 16th: Oakland—First, Market-street, Pilgrim and Second; Berkeley—First and Park; Niles; San Francisco—First, Bethany and Richmond.

Poor Sam Small! No one is to be pitied more. His fall shows once again what a curse intoxicants are, and how strong the shackles are which bind those who become addicted to their use. Drunk on the lecture platform! But manly enough not to attempt to deny it! There is hope yet for him. Gough fell; but he triumphed at last. And so may Sam Small. Let the Christian world extend to him the helping hand, and let this sad experience of his be a lesson to others and an incentive toward such concerted action as will in the near future throttle the saloon than which mankind has today no deadlier enemy on the face of the earth.

The Rev. Dr. F. B. Cherington united with the Southern California Methodist Conference at its recent session, and was assigned work in Los Angeles as supply for Centennial church. Dr. Cherington came from the Methodists to the Congregationalists. He is an able preacher, and will always have many friends among our people in Washington and California, where his two pastorates were.

Book Notices.

"A Century of Jewish Missions,' by A. E. Thompson. We commend this volume to all who desire information about God's ancient chosen people. Within its 280 pages there is a large amount of interesting and valuable information. In addition to a history of the mission work among this people in all lands during the last century, there are chapters concerning their progress during the century, their views of Christ, Zionism, etc. [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; $1 net.]

The little book, "Bible Questions and Answers," mentioned in The Pacific a few weeks ago, may be had at this office in packages of fifty and one hundred for the postage, which is nine cents for fifty and eighteen cents for one hundred. The book contains the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed and seventy Bible questions and answers. It may be had by any of our Pacific Coast Sunday-schools, merely for the postage.

"The Story of the Living Temple." A study of the human body, by F. M. Rossiter, M.D., and Mary H. Rossiter, A.M. "This book," it is said, "was suggested by experience in teaching and in professional work." It object is to arouse in the young a deeper interest in the study of the human body, and thus to lead them to regard health as sacred as character. All the important facts of physiology and hygiene are presented in such a manner as to hold the attention of the young mind. It will be found a most excellent book for the purpose for which it was intended. (F. H. Revell & Co., Chicago, New York and Toronto.)

"By Order of the Prophet," by Alfred H. Henry. One of the most interesting works of fiction of recent years—true in every essential feature. Although making no attack on Mormonism, it pictures in graphic manner its evils. "It tells of intrigue, of subtle proselyting, of defiance of the law of the land, of the necessary interference of military authority, all centered around the life-story of a sweet and cultured young English woman who has faithfully followed the love of her heart only to fall under the blight of the prophet commanding plural marriage.' We do not see how any one, either outside or inside of Mormondom, can read this story true to life—and fail to see that polygamy can have accorded to it no place in our advancing civilization. [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; pages 401; $1.50.]

Pomona College at Claremont opens with a freshman class of sixty or more. There is a large increase in all departments of the college.

The First Congregational church of Pasadena has called the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith of Brooklyn, New York. Inasmuch as Dr. Meredith desires to come to California to reside, it is thought that he will accept the call. He has recovered his health to such an extent that he can, under favorable circumstances, undertake again the work of the pastorate. The Tomkins Avenue church of Brooklyn, of which he was pastor for many years, until recently, is the largest Congregational church in the United States. Dr. Meredith will never again be able to bear the burden he bore there; but here in California, and in an ordinary sized church, would in all probability be able to do for many years yet a most excellent work.

A company of missionaries of our American Board are to sail on the Steamer Peru, leaving October 15th. Mrs. H. P. Perkins, Rev. E. E. Aiken, wife and two chil-

dren, and perhaps Miss Luella Miner, return to their work in North China. Dr. F. F. Tucker and wife and Miss Bertha Reed go as new missionaries to the same field. Dr. Tucker takes the place formerly occupied by Dr. Peck. On the steamer of October 22d Rev. Robert F. Black sails for Mindinao of the Philippine Islands. Under comity arrangements Mindinao, with its million of inhabitants, has been assigned to our Board, and Mr. Black goes as the first, and thus far only, missionary to that island. On the same steamer Miss Clara L. Brown returns to her work in Japan.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The attempt during the week on the part of certain members of the Portland Common Council to replenish the city treasury by an income derived from fines for violation of city laws on the part of gamblers, liquor dealers and keepers of houses of prostitution, met with a stunning defeat at the hand of an aroused public sentiment. The ground upon which the promoters of the scheme based their proposed action was that the 'business interests' demanded it. The effort was the outgrowth of a restive feeling on the part of violators of the city laws relating to gambling, liquor selling and the social evil, backed up by that class of people in every community who imagine that true business interests are benefited by having what is known as an "open town," because Mayor Williams has been attempting, and with some degree of success, too, to enforce the city ordinances. Hitherto, for many years, the city officials have winked at the violation of the laws in these respective cases, and have satisfied themselves with the soporific delusion that the ordinances in question were not made to be enforced; and that they were in advance of public opinion and were placed upon the city statutes merely to make a show of morality and decency, and that no one was to seriously think that they could be put into operation. This state of things has so long obtained that the public conscience has been deadened to some extent; yet there have been those, and a growing number, too, who have grown tired of this condition and have set themselves to work with the hope that public sentiment might be aroused and an improved condition of city morals brought about. The question was brought to an issue at the election on the first Monday of last June, and the side of better morals triumphed by a substantial majority. As soon as Mayor Williams took his seat he defined his position in no uncertain tone. This the sporting fraternity expected. So much had to be done in order to be consistent with the professions made before election. But that there was a deep and well-settled, determined purpose on the part of the Mayor to so far depart from the custom of his predecessors, some of whom had been elected to office upon fully as pronounced grounds in regard to the due enforcement of the laws as he, could not be realized. But the aforesaid fraternity were doomed for once to disappointment. Waiting a reasonable time, and not seeing anything done, the Mayor returned to the charge in such a way that it at once became apparent to all of the sporting characters that at last there was one in the Mayor's chair who proposed to enforce all existing laws. Since then this element has been predicting that all sorts of disasters will result to this city as a result of the attempt to make it a "Sunday-school town," as it is sneeringly termed, and the "business interests" have been constrained to come to the rescue. The representative of these "interests," a councilman from the ward where the largest proportion of evil-doing exists, sought during the week to procure the passage through the Council of a series of specious resolutions, the effort of which would be to strongly modify the Mayor's efforts. But he counted without his host. The storm of indignation which sprang from so many sources, fairly covered over with obloquy the councilman in question, so that now he takes refuge behind the silly plea that his action was impelled by a desire to "promote morality.'

Thus the matter at present rests. Meanwhile the police authorities and municipal judge are in daily receipt of abundant evidence that the Mayor's position is fully sustained, and that they will be expected to do their full duty.

The many friends of Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman, D.D., late of the First church of this city, will be pleased to know that he has been engaged to supply the Center church, Farrington, Connecticut, for six months. This is one of the strong New England churches, and has an endowment fund of $50,000.

Today Dr. House announced that he would form a Pastor's Bible Class, if those who attended the church saw fit to take advantage of it. The announcement was received with such favor that thirty of the elderly members of the church responded and were present at the initial meeting.

The Sunnyside church, Rev. J. J. Staub, pastor, is in good working condition. All the workers are at their accustomed posts, and enthusiasm is felt in every line of effort. The Sunday-school has reached the highest mark in its history, and attendance and interest in all the activities of the church is constantly increasing.

Last Sunday Rev. Geo. A. Taggart preached his farewell sermon at Mississippi Avenue church. He has been there for five years, and has accomplished an excellent work. What his plans are for the future is not known. He is too good a worker to be idle very long.

Portland, October 3, 1902.

In the Homiletic Review for October there are many papers deserving of careful reading, abong which we find the opening article by Professor Wm. M. Ramsay of Aberdeen on "The Education of Christ," considered particularly from the point of view of "His Temptation and His Environment," this paper to be followed by one on "Fundamental Influences and Necessary Lessons," involved in that education. This treatment of a great subject by one who is an acknowledged authority has a peculiar fascination. The article by Rev. James M. Campbell, D.D., on "The Place of the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit in the Preaching of Today," takes the "present truth, the truth now up for discussion," and seeks to guard men against the crudities and excesses into which there seems to have been so great a tendency to fall. It presents the results of a prolonged study of the subject in a series of plain propositions that go far toward clearing up a perplexing topic.

Married.

MAY-CROSS.—At Saratoga, in the Congregational church, on October 2d, 1902, by Rev. W. H. Cross, assisted by the Rev. O. G. May of Berkeley, Mr. E. H. May and Miss Eliza Cross.

He loses all who is unwilling to lose any.

Righteousness will not come by rote.

Boys and Girls.

He Got the Place.

In one of our exchanges we find an interesting account of a small boy who, to help his poor mother, tried to secure a position in a banker's office. He was small of his age and feared he might not get the place. Some fifty boys were waiting to see the banker, and here we begin:— There was an excitement on the street, loud talking mingled with profanity, and the boys hearing the noise, went out to join the spectators.

It was such a scene as one sees occasionally in the streets. A heavily-laden truck. A tired beast of burden refusing to go further from sheer exhaustion and overwork. A great brutal fellow with arms uplifted, ready to bring the lash down on the quivering flesh.

A number of trucks were waiting for the refractory animal to move on, the drivers not in the best of humor, as some of them urged their companion "to give it to him!" as they termed it.

Once more the lash was uplifted to come down with brutal force, when suddenly from out the throng a small boy with a pale, resolute face stepped forth, and going to the side of the truck said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"Stop beating your horse!"

The driver looked amazed. Such a little fellow to utter the command.

"What did you say, youngster?" he asked on gaining his self-possession. "Did you tell me to stop lickin' this 'ere hoss?" He added: "Cause if you did I'll break this whip across your face!"

His temper was rising. The great veins swelled out on his temple, as stooping down he fairly yelled: "Let go, I tell you."

The boy did not flinch, although the whip was uplifted, while the horse, who already recognized in him a friend, rubbed his nose gently against the sleeve of his faded blue jacket. The big brutal driver, inwardly admiring the little boy's pluck and beginning to realize that he was not to be frightened by threats, changed his manner and said:

"I don't want to get in any trouble, youngster, see! I'll try and coax the critter along."

He got down from his elevated position. A few kind words and the horse moved on with a low whinny, a if to say to his little rescuer:

"Thank you for your kindness, my boy."

As the crowd dispersed, one seedy-looking individual remarked to his companion: "I say, Billy, the kid's made of the right kind of stuff."

Another of the spectators, a middle-aged man, with a thoughtful, serious face, richly dressed in fur-lined coat, held the same opinion.

"A wonderful boy!" he inwardly commented. "Brave and self-reliant; I like his face, too—an open, manly countenance. Just such a lad as I should like to have about me. By the way," glancing at his timepiece, "that reminds me I have advertised for an office boy and should be at my desk."

Five minutes later he was seated in his office interviewing the applicants. One after another he dismissed, but when another applicant entered, the banker's face beamed with pleasure as he recognized the little defender.

He found him a good penman, neat in personal appearance and well recommended; and Harold Dean entered the banker's office at four dollars a week instead of the usual price, three, and is now not only helping his good mother, but on the way to a fortunate and happy life.—Our Dumb Animals.

Squirrels in a City.

In the city of Madison, in the United States, squirrels ru at large in the heart of the town, and the people are very proud of the tameness of these pretty little animals, and take great care that no one shall harm them.

If a dog hurts a squirrel, that dog is at once kicked, so in Madison all dogs are trained to let squirrels alone. These squirrels are so tame that a gentleman, writing lately from Madison, says, "I had the pleasure of sitting on a bench in the city grounds and feeding a squirrel that sat on the bench beside me, and fed out of my hand. Nor do they remain in the grounds now as they used to do. They make pilgrimages to all parts of the city, and one is likely to run across them anywhere. Of course, they don't hang round the streets where the travel is heaviest, but it is not unusual to see one scurry across in front of an electric car, "scoot" down a side street, and take to a convenient tree. I believe it happened once or twice that a brute in human form has killed one, but it is a risky business. If caught the Madisonians would surely make example of him.

"It astonishes the stranger in Madison to sit on the steps of a hotel and see the squirrels playing tag with people passing in the street."

In London, we are proud to say, squirrels may be seen in Kensington Gardens, but we are not yet civilized enough to let a squirrel run unmolested in our streets. Still, we may improve in manners, and indeed we do so, for each year there is a marked change for the better in the behavior of our populace towards dumb animals.—Sunday Reading for the Young.

The Home.

Receipts for Removing Ink Stains

There is not a family or a mother trying to rear children that does not have to learn, sooner or later, how to remove ink stains, etc. It is very necessary, however, to have good recipes, and as I have some very excellent ones for doing such work, I will give it to the readers of the "Advocate," for I have a good many relatives and friends who take it and read it carefully.

To remove grass stains, wash them in alcohol. If very hard to remove, try the second washing in alcohol; but generally the first trial does it, unless it is an old stain.

Wash fresh ink stains in cold water, so as to remove as much of the ink as possible, then wash in lemon juice and salt, and lay the garments out in the sun to dry. If the first application is not sufficient, try a second.

To remove tar or wheel grease, rub lard thoroughly into the spot, and let it be until the tar loosens before you put it in the suds; then wash the spots clean.

I have many inquiries in regard to ginghams fading. If it is necessary to wash them put them in salt and water for an hour, then wash them out in a warm pearline suds and rain water, and put them through a thin starch and hang out doors to dry. Turn wrong side out to avoid a gloss. The work must be done quickly, but it will repay you.—Selected.

The Beauty of All Women.

Every woman that exists has some point of beauty, possibly lying dormant, which she can develop; it may be a cultivated intellect, an inspired soul, sweet nature, fine presence, lovely form or beautiful face, and somewhere on this great round globe somebody has recognized that fact or will. So, it behooves all womankind to look well into themeslves, and endeavor to improve the good points, to ameliorate the unfortunate ones, and entirely forget that they have any bad ones.

There is nothing so far-reaching as self-forgetfulness, either where beauty exists or does not..

A famous statesman, on being asked what he considered the greatest type of beauty in women, replied: "The woman who is beautiful and does not know it, and the homely woman, who by her intelligence and graceful bearing makes you forget it."

Life is too short to be constantly regretting the lack of some type of form or face we do not possess. The sighing for grey eyes when we have blue, and longing for black tresses when we have golden, will only bring wrinkles and discontent,

thereby making others unhappy. But there are ways and means provided both by nature, exercise and discipline whereby we can wonderfully improve, eradicate and change many of the unhappy conditions of life.—Isobel Delarey in The Pilgrim for September.

Random Prayers.

There is a need of definiteness in our prayers. One observes this in the prayer-meeting, where often the petitions cover a wide range of topics, but miss the particular wants of the hour, the place and the people assembled. And most of us know that in our private prayers, our tranquil closet seasons, we must occasionally arrest ourselves in the midst of unconsidered, vague and, so to speak, random words. Prayer is not only a spiritual exercise—it is an intellectual effort, and requires thought and care, precisely as does any other mental and physical endeavor.

But going a step further, how strange it seems that we forego the privilege of telling our Father what we desire, putting into loose phrases of no special meaning our hopes and aims, alluding in general terms to the conversion of our families and friends and the reviving of the church, as though the end in question would be a happy circumstance, yet carrying no one person or group of persons on our hearts to the mercy-seat. This, too, in the face of our own belief in God's individual care of and for us, and of His own gracious declaration to every one of His children: "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." The pages of Scripture are strewn with promises to the man who prays, with narratives of direct answers to importunate and believing prayers, and yet we, not merely because of little faith, but often through the merest heedlessness and lack of thought, go groping on without seeking divine strength in any earnest way, without asking specifically for the thing we yearn to have, yet do not ask for except in a random and half-hearted manner.—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Story of a Life.

Night. Silence. A struggle for the light.

And he did not know what light was. An effort to cry. And he did not know that he had a voice.

He opened his eyes "and there was light." He had never used his eyes before, but he could see with them.

He parted his lips and hailed this world with a cry for help. A tiny craft in sight of new shores; he wanted his latitude and longitude. He could not tell from what port he had cleared; he did not know where he was; he had no reckoning, no chart, no pilot.

He did not know the language of the inhabitants of the planet upon which Providence had cast him. So he saluted them in the one universal speech of God's creatures—a cry. Everybody, every one of God's children understands that.

Nobody knew whence he came. Some one said: "He came from heaven." They did not even know the name of the little life that came throbbing out of the darkness into the light. They had only said: "If it should be a girl." They did not know.

And the baby himself knew as little about it as did the learned people gathered to welcome him. He heard them speak. He had never used his ears until now, but he could hear them. "A good cry," some one said. He did not understand the words, but he kept on crying.

Possibly he had never entertained any conception of the world into whose citizenship he was now received, but evidently he did not like it. The noises of it were harsh to his sensitive nerves. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, soothing and comforting—the voice of the nurse. And one was a mother's voice. There was none other like it. It was the first music he had heard in this world. And the sweetest.

By and by somebody laughed softly and said, in coaxing terms:

"There—there—there—give him his dinner."

His face was laid close against the fount of life, warm and white and tender. Nobody told him what to do. Nobody taught him. He knew. Placed suddenly on the guest-list of this changing old caravansary, he knew his place at once to two places in it—his bedroom and the dining-room.

He looked young, but made himself at home with the easy assurance of an old traveler. Knew the best room in the house, demanded it, and got it. Nestled into his mother's arms as though he had been measured for them.

Found that "gracious hollow that God made" in his mother's shoulder that fit his head as pillows of down never could. Cried when they took him away from it, when he was a tiny babe "with no language but a cry." Cried once again, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, when God took it away from him. All the languages he had learned and all the eloquent phrasing God had taught him could not then voice the sorrow of his heart so well as the tears he tried to check.

Poor little baby! He had to go to school the first day he got there. He had to begin his lessons at once. Got praised when he learned them. Got punished when he missed them.

Bit his own toes and cried when he learned there was pain in the world. Studied the subject forty years before he learned in how many ways suffering can be self-inflicted.

Reached for the moon and cried because he couldn't get it. Reached for the candle and cried because he could. First lessons in mensuration. Took him fifty or sixty years of hard reading to learn why God put so many beautiful things out of our longing reach.

By and by he learned to laugh. That came later than some of the other things—much later than crying. It is a high accomplishment. It is much harder to learn and much harder to do. He never cried unless he wished and felt just like it. But he learned to laugh many, many times when he wanted to cry.

Grew so that he could laugh with a heart so full of tears they glistened in his eyes. Then people praised his laughter the most—"It was in his very eyes," they said.

Laughed, one baby day, to see the motes dance in the sunshine. Laughed at them once again, though not quite so cheerily, many years later, when he discovered they were only motes.

Cried, one baby day, when he was tired of play, and wanted to be lifted in the mother arms and sung to sleep. Cried again one day when his hair was white because he was tired of work, and wanted to be lifted in the arms of God and hushed to rest.

Wished half his life that he was a man. Then turned around and wished all the rest of it that he was a boy.

Seeing, hearing, playing, working, resting, believing, suffering and loving, all his life long he kept on learning the same things he began to study when he was a baby.

Until at last, when he had learned all his lessons and school was out, somebody lifted him just as they had done at first. Darkened was the room, and quiet now, as it had been then. Other people stood about him, very like the people who stood there at that other time.

There was a doctor now, as then; only this doctor wore a grave look and carried a book in his hand. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, low and comforting.

The mother's voice had passed into silence. But that was the one he could most distinctly hear. The others he could hear, as he heard voices like them years ago. He could not then understand what they said; he did not understand them now.

He parted his lips again, but all his school-acquired wealth of many syllabled eloquence, all his clear, lucid phrasing, had gone back to the old inarticulate cry.

Somebody at his bedside wept. Tears now, as then. But now they were not tears from his eyes.

Then some one bending over him had said: "He came from heaven." Now some one said: "He has gone to heaven." The blessed, unfaltering faith that welcomed him now bade him Godspeed, just as loving and trusting as ever, one unchanging thing in this world of change.

So the baby had walked in a little circle, after all, as all men, lost in a great wilderness, are said always to do.

As it was written thousands of years ago, "The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark."

He felt weary now, as he was tired then. By and by, having then for the first time opened his eyes, now for the last time he closed them. And so, as one who in the gathering darkness retraces his steps by a half-remembered path, much in the same way as he had come into this world he went out of it.

Silence. Light.—Robert J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

In America there is one ordained minister, evangelist, or Christian worker to every forty-eight or fifty people.

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No progress is made except by surmounting obstacles, or meeting and overcoming difficulties, or rising to a greater height through treading hindrances under foot. There is no other way to even mount a flight of stairs, or to ascend a lofty mountain height. Men may fall lower without effort, but there is no clambering higher in that way. As Dr. Bushnell suggests for our encouragement in life's pathway: "What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities." With God's way as it is, and with man's needs as they are in this life, hindrances are helps, danger is a call to surer safety, and being weak summons strength. When we are called to face that which would keep us back, if it is our duty to go forward, a fresh opportunity has come to us.

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A Danger Point

We rejoice in the new emphasis which is being put upon the spiritual culture of childhood. It is a great thing for the children and the church. The salvation of the boys and girls before they drift into a life of flagrant rebellion against God is rational, scriptural and beyond price. To preachers and teachers and editors who have entered upon this propaganda we send our hearty "God bless you."

But there is a danger point. Some of the leaders in the new campaign do not appear to see it. They may not intend to do so, but they really make the impression that, so far as children are concerned, regeneration is an unnecessary experience. They teach spiritual evolution. Their ideal children are never consciously adopted into the family of God. They just GROW into goodness.

Now, we do not expect children to be converted in precisely the same way that older people are converted. We do not look for the same pungency of conviction for sin, the same struggle with unbelief, or the same manifestations of emotion when assurance is received. But we do insist that children shall be converted. What do we mean by that? That they shall be convicted of sin by the Divine Spirit, shall feel grief for having displeased God, shall seek forgiveness through the atonement of Christ, and shall come into the light and joy of conscious salvation.

The great trouble with tens of thousands of Christians is, they were never converted. The best thing the church could do during the next two or three years would be to turn all her evangelizing agencies upon her own membership.

If we had a membership with a positive and joyful experience of conversion, the world would soon feel its evangelizing power, and would surrender to our Redeemer.

Let the propaganda for the spiritual culture of children go forward by all means. But let us tremble in the presenec of the possibility of filling our churches with children who have entered upon a Christian career without the first essential to the spiritual life—a genuine scriptural conversion.—Epworth Herald.

God within will be our guard without.

"IMPOSSIBLE, for you to enjoy the happiness of motherhood," says the doctor. Sometimes he qualifies the statement, and says: "Impossible without an operation." Yet both these "impossibles" have been made possibles by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many times the hindrances to motherhood are to be found in womanly diseases or weaknesses, which are perfectly and permanently cured by "Favorite Prescription." This great medicine for women cures irregularity and dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

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No Use of Crossing.

Booker T. Washington told the following story of a member of the "po'h white trash," who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man:

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er de river as on de o 'der."

Gleanings.

The laws of nature are God's laws.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

It is a mistake to consider everything impossible that you can not perform.

It is a mistake to suppose that you are always right and those who differ from you always wrong.

Trade is aroused and defends itself with energy and intelligence. —Pacific Wine and Spirit Review.

Where there is no temptation there can be no merit; where there is no struggle there is no victory.

Watch against all fretful and discontented thoughts, which do but chafe and wound the mind to no purpose. To harbor these is to do yourself more injury than it is in the power of your greatest enemy to do you.—Mason.

A man may think he is doing God's work when he is not even doing God's will. And a man may be doing God's work and God's will quite as much by hewing stones or sweeping streets as by preaching or praying. So, the question means just this: Are we working out our common everyday life on the great lines of God's will.—Henry Drummond.

Lord Kelvin, one of the world's most distinguished scientists, was approached by a pompous young would-be scientist, who asked him which one of all his discoveries he considered to be the most valuable. The unexpected reply was: "I think that to me the most valuable of all the discoveries I have ever made was when I discovered my Savior in Jesus Christ."

"As nature is the landscape of God, so the body is the landscape of the soul. You may search the visible world in vain for some of the features portrayed on canvas or in marble by a great artist. But He saw truly when He wrought. You may wonder at the enthusiasm of the lover when you see the longer question when you as truly loved one's face, but you will not perecive the beauty and nobility of soul."

Break off some one evil, seek to uproot some one sin, cut of some one self-indulgence, deny thyself some one vanity; do it as an offering to God, for the love of God, in hope to see God; and some gleam of faith and life and love will stream down upon thy soul from the everlasting fount of love. Follow on, and thou shalt never lose that track of light.—Edward B. Pusey.

All along our earthly life we are shut in with God, as it were, in little spaces. We must live a day at a time. The mornings are little hilltops from which we can look down into the narrow valley of one little day. What lies over the next hill we cannot tell. Perhaps, when we come to it, it may reveal to us a lovely garden through which our path shall go on. Or it may show us a vale of shadows, or a path amid briers. No matter; we have but the one little valley of the day now in sight. Evening is our horizon. Here in this one little day's enclosure we can rest as in a refuge.

Just do a thing! Don't talk about it! This is the great secret of success in all enterprises.—Sarah Grand.

When God governs the church there may be many minds, but there will be only one motive.

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